



"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,—HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1804.

THE NOVELIST.

HISTORY OF MR. ALLEN.

[Continued from Page 110.]

WHILST the heart of this benevolent man was overflowing with humanity, chance gave him that day an opportunity of seeing the whole miserable family, which had so much engaged his pity.

He was just going to a coffee-house, when on the stair-case, he met the melancholy groupe. The first object which presented itself, was a most amiable young woman, in very ordinary apparel, pale and emaciated. On her languid cheek a tear was stealing down, whilst her eyes were cast on a little miserable babe seemingly almost expiring, which she held in her arms, and which she beheld with unutterable woe. A little prattling girl, of three years old, was hanging on her apron, and two fine boys of four and five brought up the rear; one with a pitcher of water, the other with a small loaf of bread.

Mr. Allen, who ever looked on misery with a kind of sacred pity, stood back and gave this poor woman, with her little ragged retinue, the wall to pass by, with as much deference and respect, as if she had been the first dutchess in the land.

A fine gown or petticoat, which so attracts the civility of the world, and has a much greater influence over the minds of most people than is imagined, had a very contrary effect on this good man, as the very shabby garments of these poor people claimed his respect, instead of contempt; for he plainly saw they were the remains of better days, and could not help reflecting what that distress must be which brought them to this extreme of wretchedness. His aged eyes felt the sacred drops of pity; and during his short walk, he was wholly absorbed in various schemes of providing for the speedy relief of the poor sufferers. He once thought of enclosing a bank-bill, and sending it by the penny-post; but as he then knew not her name, that scheme he could not pursue 'till he made some inquiry how to direct to her; but the secret hand of providence soon pointed out a surer way; for as Mr. Allen was returning to his apartment that very day, he

met in the passage the eldest little boy, ragged as a colt, but the very perfection itself of beauty and innocence. He held in one hand an old silver spoon, in the other a bird-cage, in which was a beautiful Virginia nightingale.

"Where, my pretty boy, (said the compassionate man) are you going?"

"Oh, sir, (replied the sweet fellow, with the cheerful innocence of that engaging age) I must help my poor mamma if I can: I know my way into the next street, and I am going to carry this cage to the bird-shop.—This bird sings sweetly: What a pity to sell him! But, perhaps, I shall get a little money for this spoon, if not for the bird; we have nothing else left now to part with; and poor little Fanny is just dying: What can we do, sir, for a little money? For when she dies, my mamma says she must have a coffin. What is a coffin?"

Mr. Allen was so extremely affected with the distress and simplicity of this lovely boy, that he could not help bursting into tears. He took the child into his dining-room, and enclosing a bank-bill for twenty pounds in a piece of paper, bade him carry it up to his mother, and not sell her favorite bird, and that he would see her the next day to inquire of her if he could be of any service to her.

The little boy ran with his message to his mother, whose surprise, it must be imagined, was great. As to Mr. Allen, he retired to rest and enjoyed that sweet repose which never fails to attend the slumbers of the good.

As this humane gentleman felt himself uncommonly affected with the sufferings of this little distressed family, he was the next day uneasy 'till the hour arrived when he intended calling on them. He tapped gently at the door, which was opened by a little smiling girl.

It is impossible for any pen but a Fielding's to describe the scene of misery which presented itself. The wretched mother sat weeping over her dead infant, vainly fancying it still had life, and was not gone forever!—The other children were crying of hunger and cold, the season being extremely severe, and they had not the least spark of fire in the apartment, in which was every mark of the most bitter distress.

The poor woman was surprised at the appearance of a stranger, and looking up, with her face covered with tears, and with an air of dignity which appeared in the midst of this scene of wretchedness, she attempted to rise; but Mr. Allen prevented her, begging her not to be disturbed by his presence.

"I saw, madam, your little boy yesterday, and by him I found that——"

"I am glad, sir, (interrupting him) of an opportunity of returning you the bank-bill you sent by my child. Here it is——unbroken I assure you——I cannot accept of that which will never be in my power to repay. I am, it is true, under the hard hand of poverty——but, indeed, sir, I neither can nor will accept this (again offering the bill) on any consideration.——When this poor babe, who expired this morning, is laid in the earth (continued she, bursting into tears) these hands will provide a support for my little ones then left; it is for their distress alone, that my heart bleeds, when they are crying around me for bread.——But as to your bounty, sir, I must insist on returning it."

Mr. Allen, who was astonished at these noble sentiments, with such a picture of real distress on all sides, most vehemently insisted on the acceptance of what he called a trifle.

"I feel (said he) for the sufferings of these little ones; I have been myself a parent."

"I am, madam, most deeply affected with your sorrows: my tears you see, will flow——an old man's tears——but what of that!—they are tears of sincerity. Once more let me beg your acceptance, of what you stand in such extreme need."

His persuasions, however, were in vain, and the poor woman continued inflexible in her refusal of his generous offer. She acknowledged, in the warmest terms her gratitude, and begged him to sit down.

The little children now gathered round his knees, whom he kissed by turns, took them in his arms, and treated them with cakes and sweet-meats, which he had bro't in his pockets for that purpose. He felt himself uncommonly affected whilst the lit-

the innocents, who were now playing around him in the highest spirits (for with children of that age)

"The tear's forgot as soon as shed!"

and were asking him many little questions with the beautiful simplicity of their early years.

"Tell me, madam, (said Mr. Allen, wiping away the tears which flowed down his aged cheek) what I can do to serve you. I have you any parents—any friends to whom I shall apply for your relief?"

"I have none, (she replied, weeping) no parent—no friends! I am a stranger in this land! helpless! and have no one to apply to for relief. I wish I knew where to dispose of this manuscript (reaching her hand to a bundle of papers which lay on an old chair by her bed side.) If I could find a bookseller to purchase this little work, I should then have the means of procuring bread for these poor babes. I have offered it to one or two of that profession, but have met with inconceivable difficulties in the disposal of it, as one bookseller told me, he never published a work without a name—and another——"

"Pray (interrupted Mr. Allen) when did you write it? Is it a novel? I have no great opinion of modern novels."

"It is not a novel, sir—It is a miscellaneous collection; but they are not of my writing. Chance brought the work to my hands by a very odd accident. As I was one day rummaging an old worm-eaten chest, I saw in one corner of my wretched apartment, a large bundle of papers, but so defaced by mildew and damp, that I could hardly make out the contents."

"I have, however, with much difficulty, every evening, when my children were asleep, set about transcribing the work; as a thought occurred to me, that it might, perhaps, be some little advantage to me in my distress; but, alas! after all the incredible pains I have taken, I cannot get a purchaser for it."

"If you will entrust me with it, madam, (said Mr. Allen) I will endeavor to dispose of it for you. A woman is often imposed on in these matters."

The poor woman thankfully put the manuscript into Mr. Allen's hands.

"Depend, madam, on my utmost zeal to serve you, (said he.) I will return in a very short time."

Saying which, he put the manuscript into his pocket and immediately departed: highly satisfied that he now had it an opportunity of serving a woman of such exalted merit, without hurting her delicacy. And she, on her part, looked on him as an angel sent from heaven to afford her relief in her pressing necessity. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Nothing is more powerful in alluring the breast of man to virtue, than the society of amiable, accomplished, and virtuous women.

A M U S I N G.

FOR THE HIVE.

CRISPIN and Snip were exercising their eloquence, in the very important dispute, whether there be more taylors or shoemakers. Esculapiades, contemptuous with conscious dignity, asserted, there are more doctors than they can both reckon of their several occupations.

I can reckon fifty taylors, says Snip, and you cannot find more than ten or twenty doctors in all the town.

Says the knight of the awl, I will bet my ALL, that I can produce ten shoemakers for every doctor you can mention.—There is the old doctor and the young doctor, the big doctor and the little doctor, the Dutch doctor and the Irish doctor, the French doctor and the Swiss doctor, the witch doctor and the cancer doctor. The Indian doctor & the Negro doctor, and the woman doctor, and the horse doctor, and the cow doctor, and the dog doctor, and the cat doctor, and the worm doctor, and the bloody doctor, and the bloodless doctor, and the water doctor, and the graduate doctor, and the quack doctor, and the sarcastic doctor, and the would-be philosophic doctor.—These are all the doctors in town.

Pshaw! says Gallipot, there are thousands besides: Almost every person in town is a doctor.

Strange, says Snip, that any body dies where there are so many doctors!

That is the very reason so many die, says the son of Crispin; nobody dies 'till after he take doctor stuff; it is the fashion to have doctors now when people are sick; then they are sure to die: People never die before they take medicine, but after. It is the medicine that kills our species; disease would hurt nobody. But where are there any doctors in town besides those mentioned!

Make the experiment Snip, says Jalap. I will bandage your head—you must look sad—walk the streets or sit at the door, and reckon how many give medical advice.

Every one that passed asked Snip's complaint and prescribed a cure: If they did not feel his pulse they examined his symptoms minutely.—What day of the moon? Where the sign is? Whether he took ill on Saturday or Monday? If he saw owls, bats or ravens? Did the dogs howl? Or, did he get out of bed backwards?

Snip's complaint is tooth-ache, and ten thousand doctors prescribe ten thousand cures. Doctor Hocus recommends the hand of a seventh son. Doctor Pocus declares the faculty all fools and orders black cat's blood. Doctor Clericus says do not bleed and you will do well. Doctor Bank forbids mercury and insures recovery. Doctor Puff advises oxygene and hydrogen. Doctor Drake recommends the points. Doctor

Mulciber tries animal magnetism. Doctor Eelskin used burnished copper. Doctor Galvin administered Pawawing. Doctor Jenny orders rabbit's fat. Doctor Martha prescribes goose grease. Doctor Sally advises cat-fish oil. Doctor Molly proposes the marrow of a hog's jaw, Doctor Sarcasm recommends squibs, puns and epigrams. Doctor Lounger prescribes pebble broth, and advises to call another doctor. Doctor LITTLE prescribes weeds and shrubs.

Now Medicinæ Doctores, what folly it is to spend life, money, health, and to study hard to learn a science, which every old woman understands better than you—in which every fool is an adept, though he cannot spell his own name. Why trim the midnight lamp to become a physician?—When the taylor can leap from his goose to the pestle and mortar, and is a doctor doctorum in the space of a moment: When the shoemaker rising from his last and awls, defeats inexorable death, triumphing in the success of omnipotent ignorance: When the lawyer, who never saw a medical book in his life, exposes the mistakes of the attending physician, and prescribes himself: When the chimney-sweep relinquishes his scraper and brushes, and with fuliginous pills, rescues the world from a grave, before inevitable.

Hail Ignorance!—Salutiferous ignorance hail!—Avaunt Faculty, Learning and Science—Avaunt!!

FOR THE HIVE.

CROXAL you must live higher, says the doctor.—Your commands are absolute with me, says Croxal: I will cheerfully obey you in every thing; as well from love of health as from high respect for your judgment.

The doctor calls next day. Where is Croxal? What! well and flown! Out pleasuring. Eh!—He is in the garret, sir.—In the garret! What is the whim now? Not delirious, I hope! He has taken too much wine, perhaps—Is he intoxicated?

Well, Croxal, how much wine?—None at all doctor—you did not allow me wine.—I allowed you to live higher—I insist upon it that you live higher. If you know better than the doctor, wherefore apply to the doctor: If I wanted to insult a physician, I would apply to him, and then neglect his prescriptions: this is literally calling the doctor a fool:—Unless you live higher I will visit you no more.

I cannot live higher, says Croxal, unless I get on the chimney-top. Pardon my obstinacy, dear doctor, if you command it I will ascend. I supposed the garret high enough. I never once dreamed that you wished me to live higher than the garret: I will get on the chimney-top and stay there 'till you give me leave to come down.

I will give you leave to live as low as you please; in the cellar if you wish it;

Doctor Cal. provided you take plenty of wine and beef-stake.

Doctor Jen. Thank you, good doctor—I love low living best still—I will cheerfully obey you in this—You are very good, and your commands are not grievous. Low living for me with plenty of wine and beef-stake.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR THE HIVE.

An Act to provide Maids with Husbands.

WHEREAS, many and great inconveniences arise, and may hereafter endanger the population of this country, from bachelors and maids continuing to lead single lives: For prevention thereof—*Be it enacted*, That from and after the twenty-fifth day of May next ensuing, all and every bachelor and bachelors, who have attained, and shall attain to the age of twenty-one years, shall within the space of two years, next following, marry; or in default thereof, all and every such bachelor and bachelors as aforesaid, shall yearly and every year, until he or they be married, forfeit and pay one-third part of the interest of his or their personal estates, if such estate or estates amount to one hundred pounds per annum of real, or four hundred pounds personal—Estates to be valued by persons appointed for that affair.

And be it further enacted, That all and every single woman and women, who has or have hers or their own fortune or fortunes in her or their own hands, and shall arrive or have already arrived to the age of eighteen, and remain unmarried for the space of one whole year, then all and every single woman and women, shall be and are hereby made subject to the penalties aforesaid; and further, that all and every widow or widowers, widow and widows, who have no child or children, are hereby declared subject to all the fines and penalties aforesaid. *Provided always nevertheless*, That no widow or widowers shall incur or be made liable to any of the above mentioned penalties, after he or they shall arrive to the age of sixty years, nor any widow or widows after fifty years: any thing herein contained, to the contrary thereof notwithstanding.

And whereas, Many young men are restrained from marriage through default of their fathers: For remedy whereof—*Be it further enacted*, That the same fines, forfeitures and penalties, be, and they are hereby directed to be laid upon all such father or fathers estates, whether real or personal, as if such estate or estates had been the son's.

And be it further enacted, That the money so raised in every city, town and village, and every other part of the state, be appropriated as portions for those young women who do marry, and that care be taken so as to expend the whole yearly and every year.

MORALIST.

MEDITATION ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE YEAR.

—"See the new born year, all gaily drest
"In radiant robes of novelty and hope,
"Has seiz'd, with aspect bland, the car of time."

I REPRESENT to myself this first day of the year as if it were the first day of my life; and, from the goodness of God, I presume to hope for blessings this year equal to those that have been granted me on former ones. What may I not hope for from my heavenly father, who from the first moment of my existence provided for me with so much tenderness and goodness? In my parents he gave me friends, who, from my very birth, supported and brought me up, and whose disinterested affection protected me in the weak and helpless state of infancy. Without such care how could I have been preserved to enjoy the many blessings which I now possess?

I enter with the present day into a new period of life, not so much unprovided for, nor so helpless, as when I first came into the world; but with equal occasion for assistance in many respects as I then experienced. I require friends to shed sweets upon my life, to support my spirits when oppressed with grief, and to warn me of dangers into which I might otherwise fall. And will not my heavenly father grant me this best of blessings?

With this first day of the year my lot is as it were settled over again. The Lord, who gave me being, takes in at one glance (which nothing can deceive) each week, each day, each instant of this year. All indeed that relates to me is hidden from me; but all things are visible to God, and all are settled according to his decrees, which are full of wisdom and goodness. If in the course of the year I experience any misfortune, which I could not foresee; if any unforeseen happiness fall to my lot; if I have any loss to bear, which I could not expect; all will work together for my good.

Full of this conviction I begin the new year. Let what will happen I shall be more and more confirmed in the persuasion that God will be my preserver still, as he has all along been. If I find myself exposed to poverty and distress, I will remember the days of my infancy, that more critical state, in which he protected me. If I meet with ingratitude from a friend, even THAT ought not to make me unhappy. God can raise me up other friends, in whose tenderness I may enjoy delight and comfort. If days full of dangers, and persecution be my lot, even these ought not to terrify me. I should put my trust in that power which protected my childhood, when it was exposed to a thousand dangers. What then can prevent my

beginning this year with a tranquil mind? I look forward with anxiety, and leave my fate to the guidance of providence.

ANECDOTE OF SHENSTONE.

SHENSTONE was one day walking through his romantic retreats in company with his Delia; (her real name was Wilmot :) they were going towards the bower which he made sacred to the ashes of Thomson, our harmonious countryman. Would to heaven, said Shenstone, pointing to the trees, that Delia could be happy in the midst of these rustic avenues! He would have gone on, but was interrupted. A person rushed out of a thicket, and presenting a pistol to his breast, demanded his money. Shenstone was surprised, and Delia fainted. "Money, said he, is not worth struggling for. You cannot be poorer than I am. Unhappy man, says he, throwing him his purse, take it, & fly as quick as possible." The man did so. He threw his pistol into the water, and in a moment disappeared. Shenstone ordered the foot-boy, who followed behind him, to pursue the robber at a distance, and observe whither he went. In two hours time the boy returned, and informed his master, that he followed him to Hales-Owen, where he lived; that he went to the very door of his house, and peeped through the key-hole; that as soon as the man entered, he threw the purse on the ground, and addressing himself to his wife, "Take, (says he) the dear-bought price of my honesty." Then taking two of his children, one on each knee, he said to them, "I have ruined my soul, to keep you from starving;" and immediately burst into a flood of tears. Shenstone inquired after the man's character, and found that he was a laborer, honest and industrious, but oppressed by want, and a numerous family. He went to his house, where the man kneeled down at his feet and implored mercy. Shenstone carried him home, to assist at the buildings and other improvements which made himself so poor; and when Shenstone died, this laborer went to his grave with the true tears of gratitude.

Immortal Benevolence!—The richest gem that adorns the human soul! Without thee, kings are poor; and in thy possession, the beggar is immensely rich!

Polemic Society.

Lancaster, Dec. 31, 1803.

THE Society met pursuant to adjournment, when the following Question was discussed:

"Should any Crime be punished with Death?"

And after a lengthy debate, it was determined in the affirmative by a majority of one vote.

Question for Sunday Evening next.—Not known.

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

TO EMMA.

I DID lose at your house, Miss, a true bagatelle,
It is useless to you, nor can I spare it well;
Be so good as to find it, and keep it with care,
And return it again to me when I be there.
If neglected or trod under foot it will break,
And I cannot survive it, I'd die for its sake.
It is soft, treat it gently, and pray keep it warm,
For cold treatment would do it a great deal of harm:
It is tender and ought to be handled with care,
For neglect or harsh usage it cannot well bear.
Would you have it? My dear friend it cannot be sold,
Nay it cannot be purchas'd with silver nor gold.
Would you barter? Accept it, I humbly request,
In exchange for that dear precious one at your breast.

EDWIN.

A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT TO THE LADIES.

YE blooming fair, that grace this town,
Shun folly's luring ways;
Solicit virtue's lasting smile,
Then peace will crown your days.

O shun the ostentatious path,
That leads the soul below;
That leads her to eternal wrath,
And everlasting woe.
Let virtue be your chief delight,
The sum of all your pride,
For vain's the tongue, high wrought in spite,
That studies to deride.

Thus strive to gain that joyful place,
Where reigns no care nor fear,
Let virtue ev'ry action grace,
That ye transact this year.

EPIGRAM.

On the Death of a noted Knave,

IF Heaven be pleas'd when sinners cease to sin,
If Hell be pleas'd when sinners enter in,
If Earth be pleas'd, freed from a truckling knave,
Then all are pleas'd—the villain's in his grave.

JESSE—THE MANIAC.

HUSH—my poor brain
Is rack'd with pain!
But do not think me crazy:
I'll bind my head
With roses red,
And sweet wild briars and daisy.

With cold I shake;
My heart will break;
I am forlorn and weary;

Poor Jesse's sad,
But is not mad,
Though comfortless and dreary.

There was a day
When I was gay,
But that is gone forever!
Ah! ne'er a while
Shall Jesse smile,
No, never! never! never!

I never cry,
Nor often sigh,
But sing some love-lorn ditty:
When strangers pass,
They cry—"Alas!"

"Poor maniac!—how I pity!"

When night's cold dank
Steals o'er you bank
Where droops the weeping willow,
I rest my head,
For that's my bed—
That's Jesse's only pillow.

Alas! I rue
My love untrue;
I'm left forlorn to languish:
My brain is wild;
Misfortune's child
Is left to biter anguish.

I form'd a wreath
Of blooming heath,
And lovely opening roses:
And round did twine
The eglantine
And summer's brightest posies.

But, hence!—away!
Ye flow'rs gay—
You seem to mock my sorrow:
I'll take the yew;
Its solemn hue
Suits best my frantic horror.

HUMORIST.

ABOUT the year 1727, when the back settlers of this country were as proverbial for their prejudices, as ever the first settlers of Plymouth were, an old woman about one hundred and twenty miles from Richmond, on James river, was so unfortunate as to have a sow litter a pig with two tails. This circumstance soon overran the settlement. A general alarm was spread; and the parson of the parish was resorted to by the affrighted people to account for this wonderful phenomenon. The sage divine, after duly considering the affair, declared, that as all pigs by nature were endowed with but one tail, it was probable that the devil was officious in the generation of this litter, and as we cannot make any thing perfect, these two tails were left as a mark of his imper-

fection. The parson further observed, that as other neighbors had sows, on whom the evil spirit might have tried his operations, his partiality for this old woman was a proof that she must have a connection with him, and that she could be nothing less than a witch. The poor woman was immediately apprehended, and it was determined to tie her up in a sack and throw her into the river, when, if she floated she was a witch, and must be hung;—if she sunk, then she was innocent!! A vast concourse of people assembled on the banks to see the operation; and while the church-wardens were absolutely engaged in drawing the bag over her, a Col. Taylor, who had lately arrived from Ireland, hit on the following stratagem to save her.

"By my soul," said he to the wardens, "you are all wrong; you know nothing of witches; now in Ireland, we have found out a much surer way, without half the trouble." The people were anxious to hear the Irish method: "Why (says the colonel) my jewels, we put the women in one scale and the big church bible in the other: if the bible outweighs the woman she is a witch, and must be burnt; but if the woman is the heaviest, she is no witch, by my soul."—The colonel's method was approved of; the trial made, and thus the life of a woman preserved, who, but for Col. Taylor's stratagem, must have fallen a sacrifice to the ignorance and prejudices of an illiterate people.

A young Frenchman, the son of a merchant, who has just published his life, begins thus:—*I am the son of Pierre Barmand and Co.*

LEGAL REFINEMENT.

The Coroner's jury having sat, a few weeks ago, on the body of a young lady, who had hung herself in a fit of love frenzy, brought in their verdict—*Died by the visitation of Cupid.*

The following singular ERRATUM appeared in a late paper.—For *Humblyton's storm restoring porringers*, read *Hamilton's worm destroying lozenges*.

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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AT THE SIGN OF THE 'BEE HIVE,' A FEW DOORS
EAST OF THE LEOPARD TAVERN, IN
EAST KING-STREET.